NEW
# NICK CARTER
WEEKLY

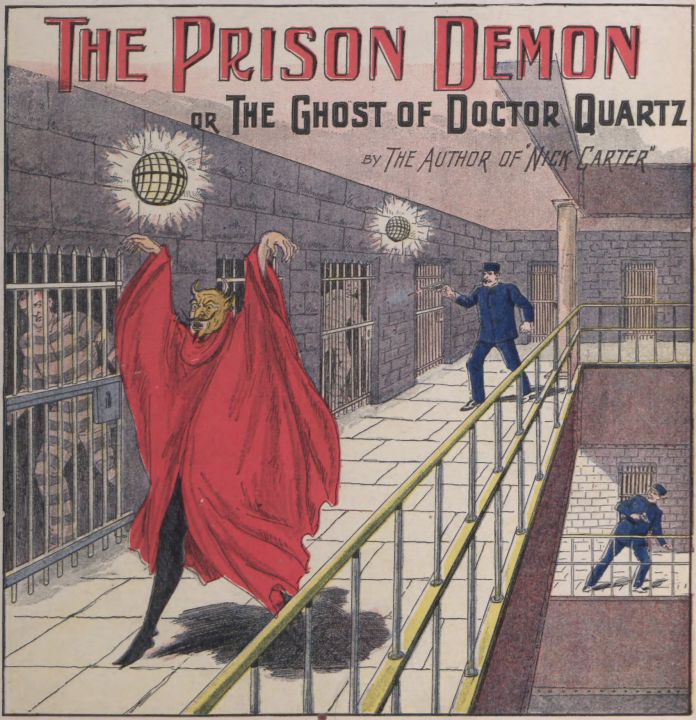
Issued Weekly. By Subscription $2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 418. Price, Five Cents.

# THE PRISON DEMON

## OR THE GHOST OF DOCTOR QUARTZ

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NICK CARTER"



The demon was almost in front of the door of Nick's cell when the bullet from guard Mullen's revolver struck it. It staggered, and then Nick heard a low ripple of laughter.

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# THE PRISON DEMON;

OR,

## The Ghost of Dr. Quartz.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

### CHAPTER I.

THE DEMON OF DANNEMORA.

Dannemora prison!

The home of the criminal insane! The place of confinement to which all are sent who have set up the plea of insanity—and succeeded in establishing it—to save them from the terrible chair of electrocution.

The monument to the inadequacy of our criminal laws. The blister spot of the State of New York. Dannemora!

Behind those grim walls dwelt two persons whom we have known in the past, and of whom we have yet much to learn—Dr. Quartz and Zanoni Galena.

Dr. Quartz, legally dead, could not be brought to life again by any statute that could be discovered among the law books.

He was dead, and yet he was alive. Having been adjudged insane by a committee of three competent physicians, appointed by the court to examine him, he was sent to Dannemora; and having discovered that there was no hope that he could escape it, and also believing that in such a place there would be a constant hope that he might escape, the wily doctor readily lent himself to the official deception. In a word, he posed as an insane person.

"I am the ghost of Dr. Quartz," was his inevitable and ready reply whenever an opportunity was given him to make it."

Nevertheless, his cold blue eyes could stare at you

as freezingly as ever; or they could glow and burn with that strange and fascinating warmth which he had the power to infuse into them at will—that warmth which had proved to be so deadly dangerous to the men, and especially to the women it happened to contemplate.

His smile was as unctious as it ever had been, his countenance as serene.

His large, soft hands would touch each other at the tips of the fingers, linger there in a caressing way for an instant, and then gently rub against each other just as you have seen a cat rub against your leg when it was attempting to purr itself into your notice; and his fat, smooth cheeks, his beardless lips and face, the poise of his massive head—in a word, the man was outwardly and seemingly the same as he has been under all circumstances, ever since we have known about him.

He was just as alert, just as spry, just as quick of movement and of action, just as bright in his mentality, just as profoundly endowed with learning—just as dangerous. He walked with that same leopard-like tread, and he carried about with him that same suggestion of repressed activity and power which is the thing you admire in a caged tiger.

There was never such a man before him; Heaven grant that there may never be such another.

And Zanoni!

Zanoni, the woman-wizard, was the woman-wizard still.

Captured by Ten-Ichi and taken to police headquarters, she had fought with the ferocity of a lioness deprived of her cubs; she had played the part of a mad woman and played it so well that everyone save Nick Carter himself had been deceived; so she was in Dannemora, also.

It was midsummer when the two were sent there, for it was among the first days of July.

Four months had elapsed since then—four months of respite for the detective, for he had been allowed hardly a moment's peace during the last fourteen months, because of these two individuals and their crimes.

When they were sent to the prison, he had remarked to Inspector McClusky that there would yet be another chapter of history to write about them.

"They are not dead yet," he had said, "and until they are safely inside the furnace of a crematory, both of them, I shall not feel that we are done with them. When I can see them pushed into the incinerating furnace and can know that their ashes have been scattered to the four winds of heaven, then, and not till then, will I believe that we are done with them forever."

Much can happen in four months, even in a prison, where nothing is supposed to happen.

For example, if you, reader, were inside a prison, and you had devoted friends and adherents outside that prison who knew that almost every breath you took behind those walls was analyzed, there would be ample time during those four months for one, or two, or three of them to have themselves convicted and sentenced and sent to the same institution, would there not?

Or, let us put it the other way.

If you, yourself, were one of those friends and adherents of Dr. Quartz, ready at any moment to sacrifice yourself in his interests, and there were two or three others like you near at hand—if you realized that the only way to help him or to assist him was for two of you to get inside that prison yourselves while two others equally loyal remained on the outside ready to do your bidding in his interests—if you believed that by doing all this for him you could serve him, and that ultimately you could free him, and that in freeing him you would have gained his eternal gratitude, why, then, four months would be ample time for you to have taken the first and most important steps toward the goal, would it not?

These questions are put to you merely in anticipation of the fact, for in no other way could the events which happened there be accounted for.

Dr. Quartz was much too closely observed to have been able to accomplish what he did without outside help, and outside help could have reached him only through the assistance of one or more of the prisoners already inside.

Nevertheless, let us begin the examination of the facts where Nick Carter began. Let us place ourselves in his position, and strive with him, from the very beginning, for a solution of the chain of mysteries which confronted him.

Dr. Quartz was in one wing of the prison; Zanoni was in another.

They were as far removed from each other as if one had been at the North Pole, and the other at the South Pole; but Dr. Quartz, as we know, was mighty in his capability for overcoming obstacles, while Zanoni had at her finger ends every trick of the East Indian fakir, every adeptness of the Japanese juggler, every resource of a Hindu priest, and every adroitness of a Thibetan Grand Lama.

It was during the first days of November, of that year, when the warden of the prison sent for Nick Carter. We will repeat the substance of his letter here, for it explains itself.

"I wish you would take a run up here at your first opportunity," he wrote, "for I find myself face to face with a condition which I must confess is too much for me. I cannot disabuse my mind of the conviction that the two prisoners, Dr. Quartz and Zanoni Galena, are responsible for the incidents which have compelled me to write this letter, but I have been utterly unable to nail the thing to either of them.

"In point of fact, Mr. Carter, we have a prison demon in our midst. Convicts, as you doubtless know, are as superstitious as sailors, and my jail birds here are no exception to the rule.

"In making use of that expression, 'Prison Demon,' I am merely quoting the term which the convicts have used to describe the cause of their superstitious terrors; and that their terrors are real and genuine, I have no manner of doubt.

"If the trouble is not adjusted, if the secret of these manifestations is not cleared up, if the mysteries of the prison are not solved and laid bare so that the simplest mind among these men can comprehend and understand it, I greatly fear that we shall have serious trouble here, so I ask you to come here and at least talk it over with me; and, if possible, to remain for a time, and help me to clear the atmosphere.

"Before closing, I wish to say that I have made no mention of these things outside the prison walls, and I have permitted no mention to be made of them, so there is no glory attached to what you may accomplish. I wish the whole thing to remain a secret forever. The newspapers must never get hold of the facts, and the outside public must never know that this prison has, for a month past, been on the eve of a revolt, and that the danger of one increases with every moment."

And so Nick Carter went to Dannemora.

## CHAPTER II.

### A PRISONER'S DREAM OF ESCAPE.

"Well, warden," said Nick, as he seated himself opposite his host—they were in the private apartments of the latter at the time—"I received your letter, and here I am. Now, what can I do for you?"

"I was never so glad to see anybody in my life, Mr. Carter," replied the warden. "The wards of my prison are rapidly becoming transformed into so many smoldering hells, and I find myself utterly unable to cope with the difficulty, whatever it is."

"The prison demon, as you call it, is too much for you, eh?"

"Decidedly. You have had experience with criminals all your life, Mr. Carter, have you not?"

"Pretty much all of it—yes."

"And yet I'll wager that you have no idea what a hardened criminal becomes after he is sent to a place like this."

"I can guess."

"No, you cannot. Pardon me, but nobody can who has not had experience as a warden, or as a turnkey in a prison."

"I suppose, as a matter of fact, it is unlike any other experience."

"Unlike! Just now I made use of the expression, 'smoldering hells.' Well, nothing else could give you an idea of the situation when a lot of convicts become

desperate. Did you ever see a herd of steers stampede? Have you ever been in the West and seen that?"

"Yes; I have seen that."

"Well, you know how resistless it is. You know how utterly impossible it is for the cowboys to stop it or to turn it, once it is thoroughly started, don't you?"

"Yes, I know."

"The cattle are easy enough to handle as long as they are quiet, and they will remain quiet forever, if they are not terrorized."

"That is true."

"But the moment you frighten them, the moment when terror overcomes them so that they forget the power of the masters who are watching over them, they toss their heads and tails and start. A regiment of cavalry couldn't stop them then. Isn't that so?"

"Decidedly so."

"Carter, a prison full of convicts is exactly the same thing, only worse."

"Worse?"

"You bet it's worse. Convicts can reason, even in the throes of their terrors; cattle cannot. Convicts have hands and teeth to fight with; steers will not even use their horns at such a time. They only trample whatever gets in their way. Br-r-r! I know the shiver that runs down your spine when you are standing in front of a herd of steers at the moment when they toss their heads, bellow and start in your direction, but I tell you plainly that I would a thousand times rather be in a position like that than to be here if my prisoners start on a stampede, superinduced by terror."

"What has frightened them?"

"The prison demon."

"What is the prison demon?"

"That is what I have asked you to come here to find out."

"You don't know what it is, then?"

"Certainly not. If I did, I would not have been obliged to send for you."

"Nor how it appears?"

"It never appears twice the same."

"Nor where it appears?"

"It never appears twice in the same place."

"Nor what causes it to appear?"

"The convicts say it is a ghost; that is all I know."

"Nor when it appears?"

"Usually between midnight and daylight."

"Nor how often it appears?"

"Sometimes two or three times in one night. Sometimes two or three nights pass without any appearance at all."

"What form does it take?"

"The men have described it to me in many different forms, but the favorite one seems to be a figure of the devil himself."

"Horns, hoofs and all, eh?"

"Ay, and the tail as well, I imagine."

"Have you ever seen it yourself?"

"Nay, nay! If I had seen it, there would have been a bullet through it then and there."

"How about your guards? Have any of them seen it?"

"Yes; three of them."

"Why didn't they shoot the thing?"

"Every one of them claims to have done so."

"Ah! And the bullet went through it without touching it, I suppose."

"That's the idea."

"What are the names of these guards?"

"Mullen, Price and Stetson."

"Are they all old guards? That is, have they been here a long time?"

"Stetson is new. He has been here only two or three months—between two and three, to be exact; but Mullen and Price have been here for years. Mullen has been here ten years, and Price has served between four and five."

"Are all of them good men?"

"I think they are."

"Men whom you would trust, and whose word you could believe always?"

"I think so."

"Are they men who could not be seduced by promises of great reward?"

"Well, of course, I don't know about that, positively, but I think they are. Convicts' promises don't go for much, you know. But what are you getting at?"

"I am trying to get at the facts, and you must let me ask any questions I wish to."

"All right. Go ahead."

"How old is Mullen?"

"Forty-eight or fifty."

"And Price?"

"Forty. Stetson is about thirty-five."

"When did you first hear rumors about this demon?"

"About six weeks ago."

"From whom?"

"One of the lifers. His name on the books is Coon."

"Tell me what he told you then. Forget all that has happened since while you are telling it."

"I'll try. When any of the prisoners have a complaint to make directly to the warden, they tell one of the guards that they wish to see me. In the course of the day, if I can get to it, I send for that prisoner. If his complaint is a good one, I listen to it and adjust it. If it is a foolish one, unfounded, and merely a lot of gabble, that particular prisoner can never secure another audience with me. That is a rule that I have established since I came here, and I have found it to work very well."

"It is a good one. Well?"

"Coon put in such a request."

"Wait. Is he a man of intelligence?"

"Yes; of considerable. He is not an educated man, but he is no fool."

"And how long has he been here?"

"Twelve years. He is in for life; I think I told you that."

"Yes. Now go ahead with what he had to say."

"When he came to my office—for I had him brought there—he began by saying that he understood the rule about making foolish complaints, and that he had thought a long time before asking to see me, on that account; and he added:

"'This complaint may sound foolish to you, first off, warden; but it ain't foolish, as you will understand if you will hear me to the end.'

"'All right,' I said to him; 'go ahead with what you've got to say.'

"'There's a ghost in the prison, sir,' he replied.

"'What!' I yelled at him, and started toward him; but he held his ground without flinching.

"'Wait, sir,' he said. 'It ain't the ghost I'm complaining about; it's the effect the old thing is having on the men. If you don't lay that ghost, there'll be the devil to pay, sure enough.'

"I saw the point he was making then, and told him to sit down. Then I heard him to the end, and his story in brief was to the effect that for more than a week past the corridors and galleries of the prison, as well as some of the cells, had been haunted by something which the prisoners had named 'The Demon,' and that they had begun rapping on the walls about it all over the institution.

"I asked him if he had seen the thing itself, and he said he had not, but that he had been 'rapped' about it a good many times; and he thought I ought to know about it. Being 'rapped' about it means that the prisoners had made use of their method of communication by rapping on the walls from one to another, and passing the news along from cell to cell in that manner."

"Yes; I know about that system."

"Well, if you know all about it, you know more than I do. I have been warden of one prison and another almost all my life, and all I know about it is that they have such a system, and that it is so complete with signals and signs that news will travel from one end of a prison to another and penetrate to every cell, almost as quickly and as thoroughly as it could if there was a telephone for every convict."

"I meant that I knew there was such a system; not that I knew all about it."

"System! I should say there was! And you cannot beat it nor head it off. If I should have one of the prisoners who is a favorite among them all up for punishment, and should send him to the darkest and most distant dungeon I've got in the place, before another morning dawned on another day every convict in the prison would know all the particulars as perfectly as

if he had been present and a spectator to the incident. System! I should say so!"

"What sort of news had been rapped to Coon?"

"That there was a ghost in the prison—the ghost of the devil, in fact. It darted along the galleries like a sprite. It passed through the bars from one cell to another as if there were no bars there at all. It hopped off of the rail of one gallery down to another, twelve feet below it, like a bird. It danced can-cans behind the backs of the guards without their having the least idea that it was near them, and darted away out of sight if they happened to turn to look where it was, or where it had been."

"A sprightly demon, and a humorous one," said Nick.

"It performed, according to Coon, all sorts of antics. It entered cells after the prisoners were locked in for the night, pinched their faces, stuck pins into them, shook them roughly and roused them from sleep. It did everything, in short, that a ghost could do, to annoy and frighten the prisoners. And they were frightened."

"Was Coon frightened himself?"

"No; he did not appear to be, and he said he was not. He said he did not believe in such things, but he thought I ought to know about it, for the men were getting uneasy."

"Philanthropic Coon, eh? Is he a good prisoner?"

"One of the best."

"Has he never given you any trouble?"

"Not the slightest."

"And has he ever expressed a hope that he will some day be liberated?"

"Oh, yes; they all have that hope—the lifers. If they did not they would die."

"I mean have you noticed that the hope is especially strong in the case of Coon?"

"Yes, I think it is."

"Of pardon?"

"No; I think not."

"Of escape?"

"H'm! I had not thought of that; but I don't think so. I suppose prisoners always have dreams about escaping."

"Yes," replied Nick; "especially if the idea has been suggested by a convict who has the brains and the courage to conceive a plan and to carry it out."

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DEVIL IN DIFFERENT SHAPES.

"Now, warden, what did you say to Coon at the end of that interview?"

"I thanked him for what he had told me; I sent him back with instructions that he was to watch and listen, and that after a day or so I would send for him again."

"And then, I suppose, you called your guards together and asked them about it?"

"I didn't call them together, but I asked them about it, one after another."

"And what did you find out from them?"

"Nothing to amount to anything. They had heard reports of the ghost; some of the prisoners had spoken to them about it, but they had paid no attention."

"I see. What did you tell them to do?"

"Practically the same thing I told the lifer."

"To watch and report."

"Yes."

"What was the next thing you learned?"

"I had another interview with Coon."

"How long afterward?"

"Two days."

"What did he have to tell you at that time?"

"Practically the same things he had told me before; that is, that there had been a constant repetition of the same sort of thing."

"And in the meantime, I suppose he had seen the ghost of the devil himself."

"I don't know why you should suppose it, but he had, or at least claimed that he had."

"Exactly."

"Well, what now?"

"How did he describe it?"

"He said it looked like pictures he had seen of the devil, only that it was much smaller than he supposed the devil to be. Not so tall and not so big."

"About the size of a delicately built woman, in fact?"

"Yes; or a boy."

"Did the ghost visit his cell?"

"He said it did."

"And I suppose he had gotten all over his belief that there were no such things as spirits and ghosts, hadn't he?"

"Yes; he was thoroughly frightened."

"I thought so."

"Why did you think so, if I may ask?"

"Simply because he was carrying out the part he had been instructed to play."

"I don't catch on yet."

"Why, by the system of rapping, and after the ghost had appeared to a few of the prisoners, Coon was told to make that demand for an interview with you, and exactly what to tell you when he had the opportunity. The inducement held out to him was that in the end he would be shown a way of escape."

The warden shook his head in doubt, but he made no reply.

"How far away from Coon's cell is the one where Dr. Quartz is kept?"

"They occupy adjoining cells."

"Ah! They do, eh? I don't suppose it has occurred to you to change either of them since this trouble began?"

"No, it has not; why should it?"

"Never mind. I am glad at least that you have not done so."

"Why?"

"Because, after I have finished with this preliminary examination into the mystery, I want you to bring Coon here to me, and then I want you to send me back to his cell in his place."

"Great Scott, Carter! You don't mean that, do you?"

"I certainly do mean it."

"But what do you hope to accomplish by doing that? You could not fool the other convicts for a minute."

"I think I could, all the same."

"They would be onto you the moment they began their rapping on the walls."

"Perhaps they would and maybe they would not. At all events, I think I could deceive them. I know something about this system you talk about."

"But you don't know the Dannemora system; and what is more, the others would know that it was not Coon who was rapping. Have you ever heard how one telegraph operator recognizes the handwriting of another on the Morse key, even though they are a thousand miles apart?"

"Yes."

"Don't you suppose that these convicts know the handwriting on the wall of one another, in just the same way, and just as well?"

"Yes."

"Then don't you think they will be onto you?"

"No; at least, I can make a try at it."

"All right," said the warden; and he leaned back in his chair and put his hands in his pockets.

"But we have not got to that point yet," said Nick. "We need not cross bridges till we reach them."

"No; certainly not."

"Did you have Coon into the office a third time, and a fourth time?"

"Sure. I've had him in a dozen times since then."

"And is he not more and more frightened every time?"

"Yes."

"Has he ever begged to be moved from that cell he occupies?"

"Yes; but he knew mighty well that I couldn't very well move him without putting another man in his place. The prison is crowded to the doors, Carter."

"Now tell me about the other convicts."

"What about them?"

"You spoke of a 'smoldering hell.' Tell me what sort of a hell you have got down there."

"Why, the terror of that demon has got into the bones of every convict in the place."

"Have you had others besides Coon outside to talk to them?"

"Yes; half a dozen of them."

"And what do they have to say?"

"The same things, in effect, that Coon said."

"And were they honestly frightened?"

"Yes; I think they were. Every one of them, honestly frightened."

"Do you think that Coon is honestly afraid?"

"I did think so until now; but now I am not sure about it, after what you have had to say on the subject."

"Do they all describe the demon in the same manner?"

"Pretty nearly. It does not always wear horns, and once or twice it has appeared in white instead of in black; and in flowing robes, instead of—er—next to nothing."

"Tights, in other words."

"Yes."

"But is it always small, like a boy, or like a delicately built woman?"

"Always."

"Warden, where do you keep Zanoni?"

"Where do I keep her? Over in the woman's department, of course."

"Has she been violent since she has been here?"

"Not at all. She is as sane as she ever was; as we are."

"I'll grant you that. Have you shown her any favors?"

"Not a favor."

"How much liberty has she?"

"As much as the others like her; no more and no less."

"Has she ever made you any trouble at all?"

"No; she is reported to be the best and quietest prisoner in her department."

"Do you ever see her?"

"Certainly. Every day, when I make my rounds."

"How does she look? Well?"

"Perfectly well. Why?"

"Does she seem contented? Does she smile at you and try to talk to you?"

"Sometimes; not always."

"How is she regarded by the women who have charge of that part of the prison?"

"They all like her."

"You can depend upon it that she has managed to fascinate one or more of them, and that she has more privileges than you think."

"I don't think so, Mr. Carter. My rules are very strict, and I show no mercy to anybody who dares to break one of them."

"All the same, there were never rules made anywhere in the world that were not broken every day in the year; you know that, don't you?"

"I suppose so; yes."

"Now tell me, has anybody on earth besides yourself any idea that you sent for me?"

"Not a soul."

"You are positive of that, I hope."

"I am as positive of it as I am that you are here now."

"Of course, you will see to it that nobody does find out that I am here."

"Certainly."

"Above all things, neither Quartz nor Zanoni must get an inkling of the fact."

"They won't. Don't worry. You won't give it away, and I certainly will not."

"In that case, I think we can lay this ghost."

"I hope so. If we do not, there will be a revolt in the prison, and the Lord only knows what might happen in that case."

"I can tell you what might happen. The very thing would happen for which Dr. Quartz and Zanoni are jointly working, night and day. There would be a prison riot, during which some of your guards, and possibly yourself, would be killed; and before it ended, at least two of your prisoners would have escaped. —Zanoni and Dr. Quartz."

## CHAPTER IV.

### WHERE THE DEMON DISAPPEARED.

"Now, warden," said the detective, after a short pause, "I want to ask you again if you are sure that you can implicitly trust the two guards, Mullen and Price?"

"If I cannot trust them, I don't know anybody here whom I can have confidence in."

"Very good. I want you to send for them, one at a time. Mullen first."

Mullen was a very large man, considerably over six feet, and he had worked in the prison so long that he seemed to have become a part of it. He loomed through the doorway like a giant, and the muscles and sinews stood out on his arms and legs like ridges.

"Mullen," said Nick, "take a seat. I want to talk to you. Has the warden told you who I am?"

"No, sir."

"I am Nick Carter."

"Yes, sir. I have heard of you," he replied, calmly, and without evincing the slightest interest in the announcement.

Nick liked him the better for that, and he began to feel the warden's confidence in this giant.

"As a starter," said the detective, then, "I want it understood that you are not to mention the fact that I am here, to any person whomsoever."

"I will not mention it, sir."

"You may drop the 'sir,' if you please. I shall send for your colleague, Price, presently, and he will know that I am here. You two will be the only persons besides the warden who will know it. Do you understand that?"

"Yes."

"The warden's orders are that you and Price are not to mention my name to each other. You are each to act as though you had not seen or heard of me. Is that plain?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now, have you seen this prison demon?"

"I have."

"Where?"

"In the prison."

"Of course. In what part of the prison?"

"In two or three different parts of it; but always along the galleries."

"You have seen it more than once, then?"

"Four times."

"Have you ever seen it pass through the bars of a cell, as it is described to have done?"

"I have seen it appear to do so."

"Did you shoot at it?"

"Yes."

"How many times?"

"Four times. Every time I have seen it."

"Are you a good marksman?"

"I think so."

"Do you think you hit it?"

"I do."

"Did your bullet make any impression upon it?"

"No."

"And yet you are confident that you could hit it, and did hit it?"

"I am."

"How do you account for the fact that your bullet made no impression upon it?"

"I don't account for it."

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"No."

"Then you do not think that the demon is a ghost, do you?"

"No."

"What do you think it is?"

"I don't know."

"Do you suppose it is a man?"

"I know that it is not any man who is in or about this prison."

"How do you know that?"

"By its build. We have small men here, to be sure; but none built as that thing is."

"Might it be a woman?"

"From its shape, it might be; yes."

"Do you think it is a woman?"

"I have sometimes thought so."

"Well, if it is either a man or a woman, why have

your bullets made no impression upon it? Can you tell me that?"

"No, sir; I cannot, unless——"

"Well, unless—what?"

"Unless it were armor."

"How big a bullet does your pistol carry?"

"Thirty-eight."

"When you have shot at it, have you ever taken the trouble afterward to look about the wall where the demon stood, to find the mark of the bullet you have fired?"

"Every time."

"And have you found it?"

"Not once."

"What do you suppose became of the bullet?"

"I don't know, unless the demon caught it in its mouth," said the guard, with a grin.

"At what part of the body of the demon did you shoot?"

"At the biggest part—where the heart is supposed to be."

"You have never aimed at the head?"

"Not that is a small mark to shoot at when it is half dark around you."

"True. Suppose, however, that you aim at the head next time."

"I will; only I don't much think there will be any next time."

"Why not?"

"Well, it has let me off from seeing it lately. Maybe my last bullet was hard to swallow, or something. I thought I heard it grunt when I fired, and since that time it has taken to appearing when I am off duty."

"Has it always appeared the same to you—I mean, looked the same—when you have encountered it?"

"Always but once."

"Describe the two appearances."

"Three times it has looked like pictures you see of the devil, only lately it has taken to leaving its horns at home. The other time it looked like a young girl in her nightdress."

"Did you shoot at it that time?"

"Sure I did. That is the time I thought I heard it grunt."

"Does it appear every night?"

"Almost. It comes oftener now than it used to do."

"Mullen, do you think the ghost is a living woman?"

"I do. I cannot think anything else. You can never make me believe in ghosts, for I don't and can't. There is some explanation for this thing, even though my bullets have no effect upon it. You can bet your life on that."

"Could a person get through from the woman's part of the prison to your part of it at night?"

"No; nor in the daytime, either; that is, not without passing through the main building."

"Have you been in the woman's part of the prison lately?"

"I haven't been there in years."

"Warden," said the detective, turning to him, "I wish when you make your rounds to-morrow you would take Mullen into that part of the prison with you."

"All right, Mr. Carter."

"And, Mullen, when you go there, I wish you would keep your eyes open and see if there is any person there whose shape reminds you of the demon."

"Very good, sir. I'll do it."

"Now, Mullen, what is the effect on the convicts, produced by these manifestations?"

"Bad; very bad."

"In what way?"

"They're frightened, and they are getting sullen. One of these days, if the thing is not stopped, they'll make a break for a delivery; and if they do, somebody will get hurt, mark all that down hard."

"They are in an ugly temper, are they?"

"They are worse than that; they are afraid. We can't keep 'em quiet nights, any longer. They whistle and sing in spite of us, just because they are afraid."

"Has the demon any special hour for appearing?"

"No; that's the worst of it. If it had, we'd know how to lay for it."

"Certainly."

"If we set a watch for it, it doesn't show up at all. If we give the thing up and make up our minds that it is not going to appear, and draw off, in five minutes time it will be darting around the galleries, like the devil it is. The strangest part of the whole thing is that it always selects a time when there is only one guard on duty. If more than one is there, it doesn't show up."

"Surely you always have more than one guard on duty?"

"There are hours in the night when one guard has an entire section of the prison. That is what I mean. He can't leave that section. He's got to stay there, no matter what happens, until he is relieved. If you should go in there with me to-night to keep watch, the demon would know it, and wouldn't show up."

"How does it get inside the prison?"

"You can search me."

"How does it get out again?"

"That's just as hard as the other question, although it always disappears in about the same place."

"Where is that?"

"Somewhere near the cell of number ninety-seven."

"Whose cell is that, warden?" asked Nick, turning to him.

"Ninety-seven? Why, that is the number borne by Dr. Quartz," replied the warden.

## CHAPTER V.

### A MYSTERY ABOUT CELL 97.

"Does it pass through the bars of the cell?" asked Nick.

"It seems to do so."

"Have you ever tried heading it off at that point, when it has appeared to you?"

"Yes, I have. But it takes mighty good care not to let you do it."

"Ah! Have you ever tried waiting around that cell for it to appear?"

"Yes, and it never appears at such times."

"Have you examined that cell?"

"You bet your life I have."

"Are the bars all right? Is the door all right? Have you found anything wrong, or that would suggest that something is wrong about the cell?"

"Not a thing."

"Is that about the place where it first appears, as well as disappears?"

"I can't answer that positively. The first thing you know, it is there. You only find out that it is there by hearing one of the men let out a yell that would wake the dead, and then when you run to find out what is the matter, you see that devilish thing flitting along the gallery ahead of you, and you find out that it has frightened one of the convicts out of a dozen years' growth. Did you ever try to catch a flea, Mr. Carter?"

"Often."

"Well, this thing is just like that. Now, you've got it and now you haven't. That's about the size of it, as near as I can explain it."

"But when it appears it is always between you and that cell?"

"So it would seem. It has always managed to beat me to it, at least."

"And if you wait for it near that spot, it does not appear at all?"

"Not an appear."

"That will do, Mullen. Thank you. Don't forget about going the rounds with the warden to-morrow."

A few minutes later Price came into the room.

The detective began with him as he had with Mullen; that is, by warning him that the fact of his presence at the prison must be maintained a secret.

Price was altogether of a different make-up from his colleague, Mullen. The latter was a man shorter than medium height, but almost as broad as he was long, and his body showed the possession of extraordinary physical strength.

His face would have impressed you as brutal when you first looked at it, but as you studied more closely, and looked into the kindly and rather humorous expression of his eyes, you would have decided that he was a kindly disposed man, after all.

"Now, Price," said Nick, "I have just talked with Mullen and heard his description of the prison demon that is bothering us. Now I want your version."

"I expect that mine is about the same as Mullen's," replied the guard.

"How many times have you seen the demon?"

"Twice."

"Has anybody been with you either of those times?"

"No; I was alone."

"Did you shoot at it?"

"Once."

"Why not twice?"

"Well, I couldn't when I saw it the second time."

"Why not?"

"Because it looked just like a young girl who had just got out of bed on Christmas morning to look in her stocking. I couldn't have shot at it then if I had lost my job for not doing it."

"You thought it might really be a girl—or a woman, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I do, and I do not."

"What do you mean by that reply?"

"Well, sir, I couldn't exactly say that there is no such thing as a ghost, because I don't know; but if you ask me if I believe that that thing is a ghost, I will tell you no."

"What do you think it is?"

"A human being."

"Man or woman?"

"It couldn't be a man; it is too small, and it is not the right shape."

"Then you think it is a woman?"

"Yes, sir; I do."

"How does it get in there, do you suppose?"

Price glanced at the warden an instant, and moved his feet uneasily on the floor. He hesitated quite a long time, during which Nick remained silent, waiting for him to answer; and at last he did so.

"I ought to say, begging the warden's pardon for referring to what I am going to do, sir," he said; "but I suppose when you ask a question you want as truthful and straight a reply as I can give you, don't you?"

"I certainly do," replied Nick.

"Are you going to refer to that old Hammond affair?" asked the warden.

"Yes, sir; that was my intention."

"You know what nonsense it is."

Price remained silent.

"All right; go ahead," said the warden. "I have no objections."

Price turned again toward the detective.

"I ought to say in the beginning," he said, "that what the warden calls nonsense, I always believed to be the same until this demon began to appear, and then I began to think there might be something in it."

"What is it all about?" asked Nick.

"Well, sir, when I came here, I succeeded an old man who had grown old at the business—too old to work at it any longer, so he was dropped. His name is Hammond, and he lives now not very far from the prison. You didn't know that, did you, warden?"

"No," said the warden. "I am glad you told me. We will have him up here and question him about that cell."

"Ah," said Nick; "it is something about the cell of Dr. Quartz?"

"Yes."

"Go ahead, Price, and tell me about it," said the detective.

"Hammond was a guard and a turnkey here for a good many years. He is past eighty years old now, and somewhat feeble, so that people haven't given very much credence to what he has told them about that cell and about the prison generally; but all the same I think now that the old man is right, in part, at least."

"Well, well, tell me about it."

"There was a prisoner here once, about thirty years ago, whose name was Ruloff. He had murdered a whole family, or something of the kind, and he was confined in that cell. Ruloff had been a mechanic, and if the accounts about him are true, he was a wonderful man at his trade. He was confined here about ten or eleven years, and one morning he was missing."

"Missing?" exclaimed Nick.

"Yes, sir. And they never found a sign of him anywhere after that. He had disappeared as utterly as if he had evaporated into air in his cell."

"He was supposed to be in his cell at the time he disappeared, then, was he?"

"He had been locked in his cell like the other prisoners, at night. In the morning he was gone, and there wasn't a sign to show how he had gone."

"And none was ever found?"

"No, sir."

"The cell was searched?"

"Old Hammond says that they spent weeks, almost, searching it, sounding on the walls, and doing a lot of other things to discover if there was a secret passage anywhere there; but Ruloff had disappeared, and there wasn't so much as a heap of dust to tell the way he had got out."

"How old a man was Ruloff at that time? Do you know that?"

"Yes; he was a young man, not more than thirty-five. He was only about twenty-four or twenty-five when he was sentenced. There is another thing about him which old Hammond insists upon, too, which is worth consideration."

"What is that?"

"He has always insisted that Ruloff worked on that wing of the prison when it was erected."

"I see the point. Well?"

"Well, sir, the point of it all is this: Old Hammond has always been fond of telling that story about Ruloff, and he always insisted that there is a secret, underground means of getting into and out of that cell, if only the authorities or the wardens would have it torn up and examined. He used to spend hours there himself, looking for it, whenever the different wardens he worked under would allow it. They thought he was crazy on the subject, and he'd have been fired anyway, for that reason, even if he had not been so old."

"Is he any relation to you, Price?"

"His daughter is my wife."

"I didn't know that," said the warden.

"No, sir. I never thought it necessary to tell you about it. But the fact is, Mr. Carter, that I have heard the story so many times, and in all its phases one time and another, that now, since this demon has appeared, I have made up my mind that it is all true."

"It sounds plausible," admitted the detective. "Warden, I wonder that you have not had that cell torn apart."

"I have never given any credence to the story at all; but now, as Price says, it is worth looking into. There may be something in it. I will confess that I had entirely forgotten the thing until Price mentioned it just now."

"But even that," said Nick, "does not explain how the body of a human being, arrayed in almost no clothing at all, can turn thirty-eight-caliber bullets like steel armor."

"I have thought that over, too, sir," said Price, "and I think, if you care to have me do so, I can make a suggestion about it. This also comes from old Hammond, and is one of his memories of Ruloff. Do you care to hear it?"

"Yes. Go ahead."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A GRUNT.

Without a moment's hesitation Price continued:

"No doubt you remember, sir, that some years ago a Frenchman came over to this country to exhibit a bullet-proof cloth he had invented."

"Yes; I do recall such a circumstance," replied Nick.

"He wished our government to adopt it for use in the army, and for a time he felt assured that he would succeed in his undertaking. But at the last moment the government, for some reason, refused to make use of the invention, and the whole thing died there; petered out, in fact, although I have since heard that the cloth was really bullet-proof, and also that other inventions of the same kind have been successfully undertaken."

"All that is quite true, Price. It is a valuable suggestion."

"Well, sir, that isn't all. While talking with Ham-

...nd the other night about the demon of our prison, he remarked the fact that Ruloff claimed to have made such an invention himself."

"That is interesting, of course," interrupted the warden, "but will you tell me what possible connection Ruloff, a man who has not been inside this prison for a quarter of a century, can have with events that are taking place here to-day?"

Price turned and faced the warden; and after a moment he said:

"Warden, since you have had charge of this prison, has it occurred to you to take notice of the histories of the different occupants of that particular cell we are talking about?"

"I don't know that it has."

"It is known in the prison as the mascot cell. You know that."

"Yes."

"Prisoners don't give a cell that sort of a name without good reason. If you will take the trouble to recall one circumstance and another which have happened from time to time in connection with prisoners who have been in that particular cell, you will remember that they have been singularly fortunate in many ways. It is said in the prison that a man who is put in that cell, no matter what crime he has committed, always succeeds, sooner or later, in getting out of prison. Either he escapes, or he is pardoned. He possesses a mysterious means of knowing what his friends outside are doing in his behalf, and his friends outside have also a mysterious means of familiarity with everything which concerns him."

"Well, what of that? It is merely a coincidence."

"Hammond claims that it is not a coincidence."

"What is his theory?"

"Simply that Ruloff, after his escape, never left the vicinity of the prison at all. That he lives to-day, within a stone's throw of the cell where he was confined. That he constantly visits the prison by means of the secret passage which he was many years in constructing, but which he built so well that it has defied detection ever since; and, lastly, that during all the years he has been out of prison, he has constituted himself a sort of prison angel, and that he has also continued his underground labors, until he is enabled by means of the passages he has built, to come and go at will and to visit any part of the prison he wishes to, without regard to the bolts and bars which the law has erected to keep him out and others inside the walls."

"Bosh! All bosh!" exclaimed the warden.

Price shrugged his shoulders and contented himself in silence.

Nick Carter smiled and waited. But it was he who spoke first.

"A man might accomplish a great deal in all those years," he remarked, "even if he took away, on the average, not more than ten pounds of dirt a day. Let me see; that would be thirty-two hundred and sixty-five pounds in a year, and in thirty years it would amount to very close to forty-nine tons of earth. Forty-nine tons of earth removed from beneath this prison would make quite a hole, warden."

"Great Scott, Carter! you don't believe all that rigmarole, do you?"

"I don't say that I do; and I emphatically do not say that I do not."

The warden turned to Price again.

"Does Hammond say that Ruloff is the prison demon, himself? If so, why has he waited till now to show himself?"

"No; he does not say that. What he does say is that Ruloff is merely assisting in the matter."

"It is utter nonsense, Price, as you must yourself admit. If Ruloff is about here, and he has access to the prison as you say, so that he can assist at these manifestations, and if he can come and go at will through that cell and through other parts of the prison, what possible reason would Quartz or anybody else have in remaining here to play the demon act? What would there be to prevent him from walking outside at any time he chose? Tell me that."

Nick Carter nodded his head. The same question had occurred to him.

"Hammond says that Ruloff won't let them out," replied Price.

"How could he prevent it, if he has shown them the way?"

"That is just the point; he has not shown them the way. According to Hammond, they merely know through him how to pass from one part of the prison to another, or to many others, but he has not shown them, and probably has refused to show them, the way to freedom."

"But I don't see the point of that or the sense of it, either."

"Neither does Hammond. Neither does anybody, except Ruloff himself."

"Does Hammond know where he is, if he is here at all?"

"No. He has no idea about that."

"Hammond is crazy!" said the warden, testily.

"Hammond says that Ruloff is crazy, and that his madness has taken this peculiar turn, by which he continually works and works underneath these prison walls."

"Price," said the detective, interrupting, "does Hammond have any idea where Ruloff can be found?"

"Yes, sir, I think he has."

"Will he tell you about it?"

"I think he will, sir."

"Warden, I wish you would give Price a vacation of a couple of days, will you?"

"If you ask for it for him, certainly."

"Very good. Price, I wish you would turn yourself into a detective for a couple of days—will you?"

"I should like to do so."

"Go and have another talk with your father-in-law. Try to get all the information you can out of him, and try to find Ruloff if Ruloff is alive and in this neighborhood."

"Yes, sir."

"Go now, and report back here to the warden or to me as soon as you have discovered anything at all that is worth reporting."

"I will do that, sir."

When Price had departed, the warden wheeled around in his chair and faced the detective.

"Do you really take stock in all that balderdash?" he asked.

"As a detective," replied Nick, "I have learned to take stock in everything I hear which may have any bearing upon a case I have in hand. Nine times out of ten I am put on a false scent, but I would much rather follow the nine false ones to an end and discover that they are false, than to lose the opportunity of securing that tenth one, which is correct. If ten pails of sand were standing in this room, and you had been told that there was a hundred dollars in gold concealed in one of them, you would not leave them all unsearched simply because you did not happen to know in which pail the gold was concealed, would you? You would begin searching them, and if you dumped nine of the pails without finding the gold, but should discover it in the tenth, you would consider yourself repaid for your trouble, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would. I see the point. You don't exactly swallow the theory, but you regard it as worth investigation."

"It is certainly worth investigation, particularly on one account."

"Which one?"

"That one about the bullet-proof cloth."

"Oh, that. That looks to me to be the weakest of all."

"I don't agree with you, warden. It appears to me to be the simplest explanation of all; and I am convinced that there is something in it, because of a simple remark made by Mullen while I was examining him."

"What was that?"

"Don't you remember that he said that once when he fired at the demon he made it grunt?"

"Yes."

"Well, there you are. You and I are both sure that this demon is a human being. We both know that a bullet as large as those used in the prison pistols would go through a human being, unless that person wore something to stop the lead."

"Sure."

"If that person wore steel to stop a bullet, the metal would not give enough to make the person grunt who wore it; but if cloth were used, the impact of the bullet, particularly if it happened to strike in the region of the abdomen, might well produce a grunt; eh?"

"That's so."

"I had thought of the possibility of bullet-proof cloth being used, before Price suggested it."

"Then you know there is such a thing, do you?"

"Why, yes; everybody knows it. It has never been successfully made, for the reason that it has never been perfectly made. It does not run even. Some of it will turn a bullet, and some of it will not."

The warden stretched himself and yawned.

"I suppose, now, you want to see Stetson, don't you?"

"No, thank you. We will let Stetson go for the present."

"But he is the other guard who has seen the demon and shot at it."

"Yes; I know. He is also the guard who has only been here a few months, and for that reason I much prefer that he should not be made aware of my presence."

"Why, Carter?"

"Quartz has a great many followers. One of them might succeed in getting himself appointed a prison guard. I don't say that Stetson is such, but I don't know that he is not, and I don't care to risk it, either."

"Well, what next, then?"

"Next? I want you to send for the lifer, Coon. I want to have a talk with him, and after that I shall make myself so like him that you wouldn't know us apart, and then I want you to send me to his cell, when night comes."

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## CHAPTER VII.

### NICK CARTER AS A CONVICT FOR LIFE.

"Your name is Coon, I believe?" asked Nick, when the lifer was brought before him.

"Yes, sir; but I haven't heard it in so long that I had almost forgotten it," replied the prisoner.

He was a surly, forbidding-looking man of fifty, with snaky eyes and a hang-dog air about him which suggested that he had met with his proper fate in being sent to an institution of the kind for the balance of his natural life.

"I suppose you expect to be pardoned some day, don't you, Coon?" asked the detective.

"No, sir. I have given up all hopes of that."

"But you expect to escape? Eh?" asked Nick, sharply and suddenly.

The convict started.

The prison pallor of his face was so pronounced that even if he had turned a shade more pale because of the question, the fact would not have been noticeable; but there was a suspicious tightening of the lips over his yellow teeth, and an almost imperceptible catching of his breath which did not escape the detective.

The question had gone home, and it had touched on a tender spot. Nick could see that much at once.

After a hesitation which was so slight as hardly to be noticed, the convict replied:

"No, sir. I can't say that I do."

"Has not Dr. Quartz promised that you shall escape?"

But the prisoner was dogged now, and the detective could see that his jaws set in a determination to say nothing which would give him away to the man who was questioning him, and who, of course, he did not know.

"Nobody has made me any such promise," he answered.

"And has he not also promised you money, if you assist him in this demon business?" continued Nick, carrying out the same line of questioning.

"I don't know what you are talking about," replied the convict.

"Don't you? Then we will turn to something that you do know about. When did you first see this prison demon? Can you tell me that?"

"The time when I asked to see the warden about it."

"You saw it the night before that, I suppose?"

"Sure I did."

"But the warden tells me that at that time you told him you had not yet seen it, but had only heard about it, and that you told him because it was making trouble among the prisoners. How do you reconcile the two statements?"

"I don't reconcile 'em. I don't have to, as I know of. I don't keep much count of time there in my cell, and I guess you wouldn't, either, if you was there. I have seen the thing so many times since that I had forgotten that I had not seen it when I talked with the warden about it the first time."

The explanation was made doggedly, but it was so plausible that there was no answering argument to be made, so the detective turned to another branch of the subject.

"You and Dr. Quartz have become very good friends, haven't you?"

"As good friends as men may become who live with an eighteen-inch solid wall between them, I suppose."

"But that wall isn't between you all the time."

"Isn't it?" asked the convict, calmly. And then, with fine scorn, he added: "Maybe the demon takes it down when he comes to call on us."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Nick. "Was the demon there last night?"

"He was. I saw him."

"Who else saw him?"

"Several of the prisoners."

"Did any of the guards see him?"

"I don't guess they did."

"Now, Coon, why do you speak of the demon as 'him,' when you know you should refer to it as 'her'?"

Again there was that almost imperceptible start, that quick tightening of the lips, that catching of the breath, all coming and going so quickly that any person less observant than Nick Carter would not have perceived the signs at all.

But he saw them, and he was satisfied.

"We are on the right track," he thought to himself.

Then he rose, and, taking the convict by the arm, led him across the room until he stopped him close beside a tall pier glass which stood in the parlor. He turned the man so that he faced the light which came in at the windows on the opposite side of the room, and then he pulled a small table up near to the glass, placed his satchel upon it, and took a number of articles from the interior, which he placed upon the table.

"Stand where you are," he said to the convict; then he turned to the warden.

"Warden," he said, if you will give me your attention for a moment—or, rather, for a few moments, I will show you one of the tricks of our trade. I will ask you to keep your eye on this man and to mark him for punishment if he moves from the position in which I have placed him. And now we will begin."

The detective removed his outer clothing to his waist and down to his undershirt, and then, beginning with his neck, he covered the skin of his face with a shade of grease paint which exactly reproduced that shade of complexion which is known as prison pallor.

"You have an unusually large head at the top, Coon," he said, "for which I am duly thankful, since it will enable me to do what I wish to do without the necessity of cropping my own hair, which I should exceedingly dislike to do. Instead of doing that, I do this."

He took a wig from the depths of the satchel, and, stepping forward, held it against the prisoner's close-cropped hair. The shades were exactly the same.

"You see," he observed, "that I have only to crop this wig instead of my own hair; thus." And he proceeded to clip it with a pair of shears until it was shorn down to an exact copy of the convict's hair.

Next he adjusted it to his head, after which he

worked with his paints again until he had concealed and hidden every appearance that the wig was not really a part of his own head.

"So far, so good," he remarked, when that was done. "You will perceive, Coon, that we are getting to look very much alike. You are about my height and weight, I should say. Perhaps not quite so heavy, but that fact won't show under the convict garb. Now, don't move your ugly head for just a moment. So. That is right."

With dexterous and deft touches he applied the last to he held in his hand. He placed a line here, another one there, he drew down the corners of his mouth. He made a few delicate crow's-feet around the corners of his eyes. He hollowed out his cheeks with the paint; and one by one he applied every characteristic of the convict's face to his own, until, when he had completed the work and had stepped across beside the convict so that he faced the warden, the latter uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You're as alike as two peas," he ejaculated.

"Sure," said Nick. "Now, if you will provide me with a clean suit of stripes. I don't care to wear Coon's, and thank goodness I don't have to."

The suit was brought, and Nick donned it, and after a few more indefinite touches to his make-up, he turned to the warden again.

"Will I do?" he asked.

"Perfectly. I never before saw the like of it. I should have said that it could not be done."

"It was one of the first arts taught me by my father, years ago," replied Nick. "And now, warden, I wish you would step outside and leave me alone with Coon for a few moments, but before you go, I wish you would assure him that any promise I may make to him in your name, and which does not transcend the rules of the prison, you will fulfill."

"Whatever this gentleman promises you, Ninety-six, goes," said the warden; and then he went outside, for he guessed what Nick's next move was to be.

"Coon," said Nick, when they were alone, "you have made no remark since I began this masquerade, but you must know what I intend to do."

"Sure. You intend to have yourself locked in my cell for to-night. I'm onto that."

"Very good. Now, you know that if I do that, I will find out a good many things which I could discover in no other way, don't you?"

"S'posin' I do; then what?"

"You know if I find out certain things about you, and about what has been taking place in that cell, that you will get into bad repute with the warden, that you will be punished, and that the little privileges you have succeeded in obtaining will be taken away from you, and that it will be a long time, probably a year or two, before you can get them back again. You know all that, don't you?"

"Well, s'posin' I do?"

"This: If you will help me, you shall not be punished, no matter what I discover. More than that, you shall have new privileges. You shall be given easier work to do, and—what would you most like to have?"

"About twice as much tobacco as I'm getting."

"Very good; you shall have it. You shall have all the tobacco you want, if it kills you. How is that?"

"That's all right. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to spend the next half hour, or hour, if it is necessary, in instructing me about the prison signals."

"What signals?"

"These," said Nick, and he crossed to one of the walls of the room. "I know them at Sing Sing and Auburn, but I don't know them here. Now, you step to that opposite wall and reply to me when I rap."

The convict obeyed, and Nick began rapping gently

against the wall with the end of a pencil, while Coon replied to him with his knuckles.

After that there was not another word uttered between them which an outsider would have understood.

Whatever questions Nick Carter had to ask, he asked by rapping on the wall, and whatever replies the convict made, were made in the same manner. All the changes and alterations which were necessary for use in that prison as against the system used in others, were made to the detective, and taught him by means of the rapping alone; and at the end of an hour, Nick opened the door and called the warden.

"I am ready now," he said. "It is almost time to lock the prisoners in their cells for the night, and for to-night, a least, I will be the lifer, Coon."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PRISON DEMON APPEARS.

Reader, have you ever been conducted through a prison, and have you ever undergone the experience, doubtless in a joke, of being locked in a cell, even for a few moments? If you have, you know the deadly feeling of depression which comes over you, even though you are certain that within a very few moments the door will be thrown ajar again, and you will go out once more into the free, pure air and sunlight.

Nick Carter, in the character of "Ninety-six," the "lifer," was passed over to one of the turnkeys and conducted to the cell adjoining the one in which Quartz had already been locked up for the night; and that turnkey had no idea that he was not conducting the genuine convict to his cell. The warden had undertaken to take charge of the real Coon, and to keep him out of sight until such a time as Nick Carter should direct that he resume his own place in the prison.

The regular prison fare was duly brought to the detective, and he ate it all—with many a grimace, to be sure, and with very little palate for the stuff; but, nevertheless, he swallowed it down. He was playing the character of Coon, and he permitted no small thing to turn him from his purpose.

And then night descended over the prison and entered it.

The hours passed, one after another, slowly, to be sure, and Nick preserved the stolid silence which he knew was expected of him.

But, as the night deepened, little noises and murmurs began to be heard.

Now and then a prisoner, indifferent to the rules and to the punishment which would inevitably follow if he were detected, called out or shouted across the galleries; but Nick remained silent.

From the adjoining cell, the one occupied by Quartz, there was not a sound, and the prison corridors and galleries gradually lapsed into the silence of the night, broken only by the snores of the sleepers.

Several times Nick heard faint tappings from afar off, and he knew that two of the prisoners were conversing in their quaint but comprehensive way.

As yet, however, no sound had come to him from the adjoining cell, and he had resolved that he would not make the first advance, even if there were no signal at all that night.

But at last it came, shortly after midnight—a gentle tap, tap, tap against the wall between them, which said, as plainly as words could have done:

"Are you awake?"

Nick tapped the answering reply and waited; and after a while the tapping commenced again. This time it was a message, and it said:

"What is the matter? Why are you so silent?"

"I am sick," was the reply which Nick tapped on the wall.

"What's the trouble?" was the next question.

"Headache," replied Nick.

Again there was a short silence, and then:

"What did the warden want with you to-day?"

"Some old thing," replied Nick.

"The escape?"

"Yes."

"What about it?"

"Nothing new."

"They fear a revolt, don't they?"

"Yes."

"There will be one."

Nick did not reply.

This time there was a long silence, and Nick had just made up his mind that there would be no further conversation with Quartz that night, when the tapping commenced again.

"Are you going to work to-night?" it read.

"No," replied Nick. He had no idea to what work Quartz was referring, and he thought the safest response was a negative.

"You should lose no time," was the admonishing message which came next through the wall. "Are you too ill to work?"

"Yes; I'm dizzy; my head is bursting open."

After another silence, another message came to him.

"Has the warden sent to New York for anybody?" it asked.

"Not that I know of," replied Nick.

"Wasn't there any stranger in there to question you? That detective I have warned you about so many times?"

"No." Monosyllables were the safest for Nick to use, and, besides, it kept up his play of being ill.

"Look out for that fellow if you are ever up against him."

"I will."

"The gallery is clear now. I will come to your door and talk to you," was the next and rather startling announcement which came through the wall; and Nick made no reply to it at all. He knew that if Quartz did have a way of getting out upon the gallery, the light was much too dim for even his sharp eyes to observe the deception which Nick was practicing.

There was fully fifteen minutes of silence after that, and then the detective heard a faint scratching noise at his door of iron bars, and in the dim light he could see that a human figure was stretched upon the flag floor close against his bars.

He had no doubt that it was Quartz, and he rose from his cot and crossed his cell, taking the precaution to get down at full length on the floor himself. And in doing this he had a double purpose, for while it gave the man outside the idea that he was thoroughly cautious, it also enabled him to conceal his own face and form more thoroughly from the sharp eyes of Dr. Quartz.

"I am glad that you are at last learning caution," whispered Quartz through the grating. "We can't be too careful. Now that everything is almost in our grasp, it would be too bad to have anything upset it all. Now tell me what the warden had to say to you."

"Oh, he just talked demon, that's all," growled Nick, in a husky voice. "I don't want to talk to-night, Doc. My old head is splitting open. I don't know what ails me, but I guess I'm going to have a fever."

"Bah! Only weak fools have fevers. Cure it with your will. You can do it if you try. Here, let me put my hand on your head, and I'll stop that pain in a jiffy," and Dr. Quartz's right hand was extended through the bars.

But Nick drew back out of reach of him and made no reply.

"You're ugly to-night, aren't you, Coon? Well, never mind, I want to talk to you, and I want you to answer. I heard that there was a stranger here to-day to see the warden, and that he had Mullen and Price

to see him. That sounds like what Nick Carter would do. Are you sure you saw no stranger?"

"Of course I'm sure."

"Did you see Mullen and Price in there?"

"No."

"What did the warden ask you about the demon?"

"Just the same old questions. Nothing more."

"He doesn't believe in ghosts, does he?"

"Narry a bit."

"What does he think it is?"

"A woman," replied Nick, boldly, more to see what the doctor would say to the statement than for any other reason.

"Ha!" said the doctor. "He has got as far as that on the right track, has he? And what did you say?"

"What I always say."

"That's all right. Wait. There is somebody in my cell. I'll return in a moment," and the doctor glided away and disappeared.

Nick waited, lying at full length on the floor; but his thoughts were extremely busy.

"He speaks of there being some one in his cell as if it were the most ordinary circumstance in the world," he mused. "Plainly there is something, after all, in that story about Ruloff and the secret passages. And what did the old duffer mean by asking me if I intended to work to-night? Is Coon engaged upon a secret passage of his own, between this cell and the next one? It would look so. I will at least take it for granted that he is, and charge him with it when I see him again. But I've got to be sick to-morrow, if I have to remain here so long, and so keep inside the cell, for it would never do to come face to face with Quartz in the daylight. He is altogether too sharp for that."

He had got thus far in his meditations when he saw the doctor returning, and presently he was on his belly at the grating as he had been before.

"It is our little friend," he whispered. "Get ready, Coon. Even if you are sick, when the right moment comes you must be ready to let out your yell. We want to give the prisoners a good scare to-night, for we must get them worked up to the revolt by another week at the latest."

"I'm ready," said Nick, as sullenly as he could. "I guess it'll split my head wide open to screech to-night, but I can do it."

"All right. Wait till I give the signal. You know it might be fatal to shout too soon, for she must have time to get back here after the shouting," and he glided away again and disappeared.

It was now Nick's turn to be anxious, for he knew that he was about to see the prison demon with his own eyes, and he expected great results from that opportunity.

He had not long to wait.

He had taken a position close to the grating of his door, and on the side of it which would afford him the best possible view of the vicinity of the door of Quartz's cell; and there he waited.

After a moment the demon appeared.

It darted upon the gallery, apparently issuing from the floor in front of the doctor's cell, and it glided along the corridor with swift steps, pausing and hissing like a serpent at each door it passed, and so arousing the prisoners out of their sleep, one by one.

After a moment there were loud murmurs along the gallery. Then a yell. Then a scream.

And then, from the adjoining cell, Quartz shouted like a madman, and Nick, from his own door, followed suit.

A pistol shot reverberated along the gallery then, and Nick saw the prison demon returning

## CHAPTER IX.

### GUARD MULLEN'S BIG BULLET.

The demon had made the circle of the gallery before the shot was fired from the further end of it, and was, in fact, almost in front of Nick's door when the bullet must have struck.

He saw the demon stagger and half fall against his own door, and then, as it recovered itself, he heard a low ripple of laughter proceeding from it.

It was like ripples of laughter which he had heard many times before, and he instantly recognized it, for it could have proceeded from no other throat, and have emanated from no other source than Zanoni.

"Gee!" he heard her murmur, for Zanoni was fond of using expressive terms in slang, "they must be making their bullets larger and heavier than usual. That one nearly floored me. Ah, there, Coon! How are you?"

That was all, and she was gone.

Did she pass through the door of Quartz's cell? Nick could not have answered, although he was standing within eight feet of it—or less. Did she drop through the flooring in front of it? Nick did not know.

And in the meantime the prisoners were yelling and screaming as if a pandemonium had broken loose in the prison.

That they were one and all honestly frightened by the apparition, the detective could not doubt. That Dr. Quartz and Zanoni were working on their fears to induce them to revolt he was convinced, and that they were at the point of success he was certain.

Curses, screams, shouts, yells, moans, prayers, imprecations, blood-curdling yells rang out through the prison, for the first time the detective got some idea of what a disturbance among these men might portend.

Guards rushed about in search of something which they could not find, and were roundly cursed by the terrorized convicts for keeping them there in a haunted prison where they could neither escape nor protect themselves.

And then, slowly, the excitement began to wear away, although there were still murmurs of discontent, some of them loud and defiant, on every side.

After a little one of the guards came to the door of Nick's cell.

"Ninety-six," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see where it went?"

"No. I didn't. I wasn't looking. It went down through the floor or up through the roof, I guess, where it always goes."

"It looked as if it went through your cell."

"Maybe it did. I didn't see it. I ain't looking at such things no longer than I can help, you can bet your life on that; and say, Mr. Mullen, something has got to be done. You can't expect a human being to stand this sort of thing forever, and I reckon that we're human beings if we are convicts."

A yell went up along the gallery to prove that his words had been overheard and that they were thoroughly approved.

"I heard you shoot at it," continued Nick, in the same strain, "and I know you can hit a thing when you want to. And I heard the demon laugh and mutter that you are using bigger bullets than usual, and that they are harder to catch. Flesh and blood can't stand for that sort of thing, Mr. Mullen. I want to get out of here. You can put me in a strait-jacket, or in the electric chair, if you want to, but take me out of here."

Another yell of approval went up from the prisoners, and one of them from a distance called out:

"And if you don't take us all out, or do away with that demon, we'll find a way to get out ourselves. There ain't one of us here who wouldn't just as soon be shot, fighting, as to have to face that demon every night."

Nick's words had had a greater effect than he had intended they should, and so he remained silent.

But Mullen stepped closer to the grating and whispered:

"Is that right, about your hearing the demon say that I used a bigger bullet than usual?"

"Bet your life it is," replied Nick.

Mullen turned away, but Nick called to him and he returned.

"Did you?" asked Nick, in a low tone.

"Did I what?"

"Use a bigger bullet?"

"Sure I did. I had my own gun with me to-night. It's a forty-five."

Then he passed down the gallery and disappeared.

Half an hour later, Quartz crept out and was at the grating again.

"Coon," he whispered, "are you awake?"

"Yes," said Nick.

"How's your head?"

"Better; but it's bad yet."

"That bullet hurt our little friend to-night. It broke one of her ribs, through the cloth. She says she won't come again, and we'll have to stir the boys up to-morrow. That guard used a forty-five. See, I have got it here," and he held up, so that Nick could see it, the bullet between his thumb and finger.

After a moment of silence, he whispered again:

"Don't you think you can finish your digging by to-morrow night?"

"Maybe so," replied Nick.

"Well, you'll have to if you wish to go with us. The boys are all ready to make the break, and I have decided to have the thing occur the day after to-morrow. I shall send out orders to that effect now. Can you be ready?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. Day after to-morrow night, when we join in the lock-step to come to our cells, we'll have the rush. You know what you are to do?"

"Yes."

"Just make for your own cell and slam the door shut after you; or, if you have not finished your work, run into this one."

"But how are you going to get out?" asked Nick, venturing a question, although he knew it to be dangerous ground.

Fortunately, however, the doctor seemed to have expected it, for he replied:

"I will attend to that, don't you fear. Ruloff has consented to take our little friend out to-night. She is really badly hurt. She must be attended to at once. There'll be the devil to pay, over in the woman's prison, in the morning, when they find that she is gone. She has got on the right side of Ruloff, and if he refuses to come and show us the way out at the proper time, she will cut his throat and come herself."

"That sounds good," said Nick; and then he added:

"I don't believe that Ruloff would ever have let us out of his own accord, would he?"

"I have begun to think that way myself. I'm not going to wait any longer," was the reply.

"What's the matter with him, anyhow?" asked Nick.

"Crazy as a bedbug. I've told you often enough; you ought to know. He'd have spilled over the whole apple cart long ago if I had not stuck strictly to my word and not made an effort to leave my cell except to come this far and talk to you. But I did go down one night when I felt sure he was nowhere about, and I tried for an hour to find the way out."

"Couldn't do it, eh?"

"No. And I'm pretty good at such things, too. But it is a network of passages down there, and there are so many alleys leading off in every direction, some of them being utterly blind, and the real ones appearing so that it would defy the devil to find his way out without a guide."

"Maybe she can't do it," ventured Nick.

"Ah," replied the doctor, "you don't know her. It is a fortunate thing that her rib was broken to-night, else Ruloff wouldn't have taken her out now."

"Say," said Nick, as if a thought had occurred to him, "won't the fact that she has gone, when it is discovered to-morrow, make it more difficult for us to get away?"

"Not a bit. It will help us."

"How so?"

"All the attention will be turned to that escape. We will be forgotten."

"Where is she going to hide?"

The doctor was silent a moment, and then he replied:

"Just in the same place where we will hide when we get out."

"Where is that? I want to know, so if we get separated I'll know where to go."

"We won't get separated."

"But I want to know. I think you ought to tell me."

"It isn't safe for you to know too much—just at present," replied the doctor.

"You won't leave me, will you?"

"No, haven't I promised you?"

"I've been here a good while longer than you have, and I'm getting mighty tired of it."

"I've no doubt of it."

"Then it's day after to-morrow, when we are ready to march to our cells in the evening, is it?"

"Yes."

"And if I haven't my work done, I'm to follow you to your cell, am I?"

"Yes; but it will be safer if you are ready on your own account."

"I don't see the need of it, as long as there is a way through your cell."

"Haven't I told you a hundred times, that if the guards see us rush to our cells and go inside, they will think that we are taking no part in the riot, and will pay no attention to us unless one of them happens to get near enough to lock us in? And that is what I hope for. In that way we can get clear off, and nobody will think to look for us until we are well out of the way. But if you happen to come into my cell——"

"Then they will lock us in there together, won't they?"

"Maybe. We will see. I'm going now. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Then Dr. Quartz returned to his own cell, where he immediately began tapping on the wall between him and the next prisoner beyond; and the orders he gave, which were passed from cell to cell throughout the prison, were to the effect that the revolt should take place the following day, instead of the day after, for he could not keep faith even with poor old Coon.

And this tapping Nick Carter did not hear or suspect, for he was sleeping.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE REVOLT IN THE PRISON.

Nick Carter believed that the warden would send for him early in the morning; that is, as soon as the escape of Zanoni was discovered, and he was not mistaken.

Immediately after they were served with their break-

[illegible] guard, Stetson, appeared at the cell and conducted Nick into the presence of the chief official of the prison.

"Leave Ninety-six here with me and return to your duty," ordered the warden; and as soon as he and the detective were alone together, he added:

"Carter, that devil of a woman has escaped."

"I could have told you that at one o'clock this morning," said Nick.

"Then why in the devil didn't you do it?"

"Well, for one reason, I was locked in a cell down in the prison, and if I had asked to be brought to you at that hour, I'd have been laughed at."

"That's so."

"And for another reason, she was already gone, and you could not have found her any better than you can do so now."

"But you haven't told me how you knew of her escape."

"She didn't go back to her cell after she came there last night."

"After she came there! What in thunder——"

"Zanoni is the prison demon, warden, just as I suspected."

"You don't mean it!"

"Indeed I do."

"I heard that the demon appeared as usual last night. Mullen says he shot it with a forty-five."

"He did, and he broke one of Zanoni's ribs."

"Is that so? Good!"

"That was the reason she concluded not to return to her prison cell. She would have had to explain that broken rib, and it might have been awkward."

"Do you mean to say that she could walk out of and into the prison of her own free will, when it was locked up for the night?"

"She has not been able to leave the prison, warden, until last night; but on account of the broken rib, Ruloff, who is alive and around here, and who is just about what Price described him to be, consented to take her away."

"Ruloff! Ruloff! Always Ruloff!"

"Yes; and Ruloff will be the only man after the day after to-morrow who will be able to tell us where we can find her, so let us hope that Price will be able to find Ruloff."

"Why do you refer so significantly to the day after to-morrow?"

"Because that is the time when Quartz has decided to have the revolt begin."

The detective began at the beginning then, and recounted all that had taken place while he was locked in Coon's cell the preceding night; and the warden listened with close attention.

"All right," he said, when Nick had concluded, "we will be ready for the riot when it happens."

"Not so fast, warden," said Nick. "I think you had better be ready for it before it happens."

"Of course."

"I mean right now. Get ready for it at once."

"Why so?"

"Because I think Quartz lied to me about the time."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; on general principles. In the first place, he can't keep his word under any circumstances. In the second, it is a sure thing that he doesn't want a decrepit old prison bird like Coon on his hands to hamper him in everything he proposes to do. In the third place, the very fact that Coon has helped him is sufficient to write Coon's death warrant, for the good doctor doesn't like to have anybody around him to whom he owes a debt of obligation. You can bank on it that Quartz lied to me."

"Then when do you think the riot will occur?"

"Almost any time from now on."

"Well, anyhow, I will have Quartz out of that cell before to-night."

"Don't do it, warden. You'll spoil the whole thing if you do."

"I'll keep my prisoners, though, and I'll prevent a riot."

"Yes; for the present; but you will only set them to laying plans for a greater one, and for another delivery which might be worse than this one. Better let them have the riot; at least, that is my advice."

"And let Quartz stay in that cell, and get to it when the riot breaks out?"

"Yes."

"That will never do at all. He'll lock himself in and get away in spite of us."

"You forget that I will be there."

"What! Are you going back again?"

"Sure thing. It wouldn't do to send Coon back there, would it, after what took place last night?"

"No, it wouldn't. And that reminds me. We will have him in here and ask him what that work is that he is doing in his cell."

"You may ask him that at your leisure, for it does not concern me as long as it is not finished. Only remember, when you do ask him, that I promised him immunity from whatever I discovered, and also all the tobacco he wants hereafter."

"All right, Carter. I'll make good for you. And now I'll throw up my hands and make you the boss for the present. You tell me what to do and I'll do it, and be under everlasting obligations to you."

"First, have me sent back to my cell and send your doctor to see me, for I am sick. You will have to take the doctor into your confidence. Can you do that?"

"Surely I can."

"Very good. Next have every prison guard you have got at your command, armed and ready for the break, for there is no knowing when it will occur."

"I'll do that, too."

"Be careful to do nothing in making your preparations which will act as a warning to the prisoners that you are expecting a revolt. We want to nip the thing in the bud, not stop it. You appreciate that, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Now give me an extra cell key to conceal in my clothes. I know that you lock all the cells at once from the end of the gallery, and I also know that they can be opened and closed separately. If Quartz should happen to have the means at hand for locking his cell after he goes into it, I want to be able to get at him."

The warden crossed the room to his desk and presently returned with a key which he gave to Nick.

"I'm as nervous as a rat," he said. "Now what would you advise about the woman?"

"Zanoni?"

"Yes."

"I should advise that you take all the usual methods of searching for an escaped prisoner but no more, for you will not be likely to find her till to-night."

"And how will we find her to-night?"

"I think she will come to Quartz's cell with Ruloff—or she may do as Quartz suggested, cut his throat and come alone. I think she will be there, anyhow."

"But, Carter, in the midst of that riot, you will be behind it. You will be all alone against Quartz, Ruloff and the woman."

"Never mind that," replied Nick. "I'll take care of my end of it if you take care of yours. Now, do we thoroughly understand each other?"

"I hope so."

"This is the last chance we will have to talk together until after the riot, or the revolt, whatever you care to call it."

"I know it."

"Is there anything more?"

"Not that I can think of."

"Then call Stetson and have me taken back."

"By the way, what about Stetson? Do you still suspect him?"

"Wait until the revolt and see how he acts. He may be as innocent as I am, but there is somebody in the prison who is here to assist Quartz. You can bank on that much."

* * * * * * *

The great gong of the prison rang out clamorously and the convicts threw down their tools and implements and flew to their places in the line.

The various guards stepped forward into their places along the line to inspect and count them, and to observe if all had answered to the summons.

Mullen and Stetson were nearest the end of the line where Quartz was standing, and as the two men approached, Dr. Quartz suddenly started forward.

He uttered a wild yell which would have done credit to an Indian on the warpath, and at the same instant leaped forward like a panther.

There was a huge stone in his hand which he had somehow managed to obtain, and he sprang upon Stetson and brought the stone down with all his strength upon the guard's head.

Stetson fell to the floor like a log. He had no opportunity to defend himself or to cry out, even.

And that yell, uttered by Quartz, acted like an electric shock all along the long line of convicts.

In an instant the entire place was in an uproar.

Dozens of convicts, yelling and cursing, shouting and swearing, threw themselves upon the guards from every side, fighting and tearing with their teeth and nails, and trying their best to drag down the men they hated and to trample them to death.

Dozens of other guards leaped into view from unsuspected hiding places. A hundred shots were fired, not at the prisoners, but over their heads, to intimidate them.

Here and there groups were fighting fiercely, prisoners against guards; hands, and bare hands at that, against clubs and clubbed revolvers.

And then, when it seemed as if the convicts must carry the day, when it seemed as if the brave guards, fighting against such mighty odds, must be beaten back and defeated, other doors opened, and more officers appeared, with more arms and more clubs to wield, and the convicts broke and fled.

The fight was lost and they knew it; and now each one of them only thought of getting to his own particular cell as quickly as possible, and thus, possibly, to escape the sure punishment which must follow such an occurrence.

At the very instant after Quartz struck Stetson over the head with the heavy stone, and as he recovered, he turned and hurled it with all his strength at Mullen; and then, without waiting to see whether it found its mark or not, he turned and fled toward his cell.

As he bounded along the gallery toward it, he saw, as he supposed, Coon issue from his own cell and pass into the one toward which he was fleeing, and he cursed himself for having thrown away the stone.

He reached the cell and leaped inside. Coon, as he supposed Nick Carter to be, was already there.

"Out of this!" cried Quartz; and he leaped upon the detective and seized him.

Had it really been Coon whom he seized, he would have found no difficulty in hurling that poor old convict out of the cell, but he discovered, when he seized the detective, that he had reckoned erroneously. He found himself seized in return, and hurled backward so that he struck against the walls of the cell with a thud that dazed him.

And Nick did not wait to discover how dazed he was.

The instant he flung the doctor off, he leaped after

him and planted one of his terrific blows against the doctor's jaw.

But even that was not sufficient to fell him.

"Carter!" he cried out, recognizing now who his assailant really was; and then he ducked and seized the detective around the waist, while Nick bent forward and seized him around the body over his back.

And then, for a moment which seemed ten or more, there was a struggle.

But even though Nick Carter's strength was not much greater than Quartz's, his science was more perfect.

Slowly but surely he lifted the doctor from his feet, and then, just as he raised him clear of the floor, and bending backward, hurled him over his head, a section of the floor of the cell opened behind them, and Zanoni sprang into the narrow room.

But as she leaped forward, Quartz flew from Nick's grasp.

His body came full against her, knocking her down and tumbling her backward so that she was precipitated into the chasm in the floor through which she had so suddenly appeared; and then, as Nick recovered his balance and started toward her, the stone fell back into place, defying his efforts to remove it.

At the same instant, Mullen and the warden appeared in the doorway of the cell.

As Mullen's strong hands seized Dr. Quartz, dragged him from the cell and threw him into the now unoccupied cell next to his and locked the door, Nick leaped toward the stone in the floor beyond which Zanoni had disappeared; and as he did so, it was thrown open again before his eyes, and the face of Price, the guard, covered with blood, protruded through the opening.

Nick started back as Price, without a word, dragged himself and the burden he carried, into the cell, for that burden was Zanoni herself, limp and apparently lifeless, and with a stream of blood flowing from a deep cut over her temple.

"I was in time," murmured Price. "I had to hit her to stop her. I hope I have killed her, for she has killed Ruloff."

And then he fainted.

Zanoni had indeed killed Ruloff, but Price had not killed her; and she was presently taken back to her cell in the woman's prison.

That blow of Dr. Quartz proved to be the death of Stetson; but he was conscious before he died, and he confessed that he had secured his appointment as a guard at the prison at the solicitation of friends of Dr. Quartz, and for the purpose of working to obtain his escape.

Ruloff was dead. He had been stabbed through the heart by Zanoni in the little house in which he had lived for years, close by the prison walls, and from which he had excavated his wonderful network of subterranean passages under it.

Those passages were discovered, one and all, and filled in with crushed stone and cement, so that there will never again be an opportunity to use them from inside the prison; but it was found necessary to uproot many a cell, and almost to rebuild one section of the prison, before they were satisfactorily destroyed forever.

Quartz was ultimately returned to his old cell.

Zanoni was found to be much more seriously injured than was at first supposed, and the following week, at the solicitation of the warden, she was transferred to the prison hospital, where we must leave her.

THE END.

Next week's issue, No. 419, will contain "Nick Carter and the Hangman's Noose; or, Dr. Quartz on Earth Again."

# NICK CARTER WEEKLY

## THE BEST DETECTIVE STORIES IN THE WORLD

378—Ten-Ichi, the Wonderful; or, Nick Carter's Greatest Find.
379—The Mystery of the Mikado; or, Nick Carter in Japan.
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